

Whalesong

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Accreditation affects you!

UAS administrators and faculty gear up for another accreditation review

by Cherilyn Johnson
Whalesong Reporter

Visualize posters plastered all over campus featuring Brendan Fraser and Cameron Diaz pointing at you and saying, "Accreditation affects YOU!" Although the university can't afford to hire celebrity spokespersons to spread the message, UAS students need to be aware of the impact that accreditation, or the lack thereof, can have on their educations. No accreditation means no financial aid. No accreditation means credits earned at UAS might not transfer to other colleges.

The University of Alaska Southeast is currently fully accredited by the Northwest Association of Schools and Colleges Commission on Colleges, but such accreditation has to be renewed every 10 years. 1999 is the year of re-accreditation for UAS. For the past two years, UAS administration, faculty and staff have been involved in a process that will culminate Oct. 13-15, when an evaluation team appointed by the commission will visit all three UAS campuses.

Just what is accreditation anyway? Vice Chancellor Roberta Stell calls accreditation "a process of institutional self-analysis. The intent of the process is to make you [as an institution] evaluate yourself as well as evaluate each other. It's a self-governing process."

Dr. David Marvel, education professor at UAS and co-chair of the UAS accreditation self-study steering committee, says, "It's a very helpful process rather than a judgmental process. The primary focus will be on whether the institution is true to its own mission—that what it says its mission is, is indeed what its policies support, and that the programs then support the mission."

As Stell points out, "Every university is different." Recognizing that, the commission publishes a 162-page handbook listing nine standards of measurement to for-



Hey kids, accreditation affects YOU!

mulate its own set of goals and objectives for meeting those standards. The re-accreditation process evaluates how well the university is meeting its own goals. "You're looking at what the institution says it does," Stell says. "The whole purpose of the self-study is to take a look at, 'Have we drifted from our real mission?'"

UAS Technical Services Librarian Rita Dursi Johnson, who along with Marvel co-chairs the self-study steering committee, puts the process into perspective. "Being accredited is analogous to receiving a degree," she says. "The nine standards are analogous to graduation requirements." A university is accredited for 10 years; halfway through that time period, and again at the end, an evaluation team from the accrediting agency visits the campus. Johnson compares the five-year visit to a university student's first portfolio review, while the 10-year re-accreditation visit parallels the review of a student's exit portfolio. Prior to the visit by the evaluation team, an institution such as UAS conducts a self-study and prepares a report. Johnson compares the self-study to the self-assessment required as part of a student's portfolio submission.

According to Johnson, the commission solicits and trains staff and faculty members from other universities within the same region to perform the on-site evaluation. The evaluation team that visits UAS will be drawn from campuses in the seven states of the Northwest region—Alaska, Washington, Oregon, Montana, Idaho, Nevada, and Utah, with perhaps one team member from a campus outside the region. Stell says the team will probably include five to eight members. The UAS administration has not yet heard what campuses the members of the evaluation team will come from, but according to Stell, "They do give us a list and we know who they are ahead of time." The chairman of the team is Dr. Richard Dunn, a faculty mem-

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Student chipendales and favorite numbers

Student Activities brings a hypnotist/mentalist to entertain UAS students

By Eric Morrison
Whalesong Reporter

I went from confirmed skeptic to awe-struck believer after an encounter on Thursday February 18 with Hypnotist and Mentalist Christopher Carter. Uncertain and skeptical about his ability to perform the miracles he claimed possible, I showed up ready for the show and decided not to participate in Carter's antics. I was very curious how the show would begin and unfold. The thought of leaving crossed my mind and I felt silly for being there. The show started at an easy pace like taxiing down a runway at an airport. Then, the show lifted off into an atmosphere all its own.

Carter started with several card tricks and number games that left the crowd stunned and thirsty for more. I was sure that he must have paid the participants with free admission or previously hypnotized them into submission. I didn't believe that it could be real. Then, three-by-five cards were handed out and the audience was asked to write their full name, something about themselves, a number of any genre, and a question about anything.

I wrote down my full name, where I was born, my old football number, and I asked

when Bob Marley's last concert was played. Carter then duck taped two silver dollars to his eyes, put a thick, dark blindfold over the top of the coins and duck taped the whole thing so that it was impossible for him to see. He picked random people from the crowd and somehow deciphered what was written on those cards. I still didn't believe this was a reality; there was no way he could possibly read those people's minds.

Then he called my name. I stood up and said "What's up?" with a nervous laugh. And then he picked my mind apart. He told me I was born by a bridge, a famous bridge, and then knew one way or another that I was born in San Francisco. I was amazed yet skeptical, thinking that he could have read my student records or something. Then he told me that he pictured the number I was thinking of on a jersey. At that point I was afraid, because unless he watched any of my football games, there was no way for him to know, because I did not tell anyone my number and simply wrote "26" on the card. Then he asked me to sit down, then burst out that I was thinking about music. A concert that I would like to go to. I told him that I would have liked to go to it, and he interrupted me by saying "That's

right, because Bob Marley is dead." I could do nothing but laugh, I was simply so amazed.

From this exercise Carter moved on to his bread and butter, his kit and caboodle, the real McCoy, the whole nine yards—hypnotism. He called for volunteers from the audience, and there was no shortage of specimens. A whole stage full of eager volunteers faced the audience not knowing what they were getting into. About half of the people who volunteered were later asked to go back to their seats.

The hypnotism ranged from all sorts of different types of mind tricks, from being in an airplane, to a very macho ballet, and even the future Chip and Dale's of America made a brief performance. It was very comical and entertaining to say the least. There was a grand finale that topped it all off, like a cherry on

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Photo by Eric Morrison

Hypnotist Christopher Carter begins working his mojo.

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Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor and Students:

For more than a century, student movements have had an important place among the agents of social change. Students have a history of fighting for peace and justice. In the 1960s, students spurred debates in Congress about the war in Vietnam and led the protests for peace. Students also struggled against discrimination and racism both in the civil rights movement in the U.S. and in the fight to end apartheid in South Africa. Now, in the 1990s, there is another war we must end; another struggle for peace and justice in which we, as students, must make our voices heard.

For more than eight years, our government has been waging a silent war against the people of Iraq. This month, the US-led sanctions will kill 4,500 infants and toddlers, according to UNICEF reports. Today, this policy will kill 250 people in Iraq, as it did yesterday... and as it will tomorrow. Since 1991, more than one million people have died due to the scarcity of food and medicine and the spread of water-borne diseases - all direct consequences of the sanctions.

Since 1991, United Nations agencies and independent human-rights organizations have been reporting on the devastating impact of the sanctions on human life in Iraq. Four years ago, UNICEF reported that: "Sanctions are inhibiting the importation of spare parts, chemicals, reagents, and

the means of transportation required to provide water and sanitation services to the civilian population of Iraq. ... What has become increasingly clear is that no significant movement towards food security can be achieved so long as the embargo remains in place."

And what is our government's response? When asked on "60 Minutes" about the death of half a million children in Iraq - more children than died in Hiroshima, Madeline Albright responded "we think the price is worth it."

We say NO! The death of one child is a death too many.

As Noam Chomsky, Howard Zinn, Edward Herman, and Edward Said recently stated, in their national call for action, "The time has come for a call to action to people of conscience. We are past the point where silence is passive consent — when a crime reaches these proportions, silence is complicity."

We refuse to be silent in the face of this war.

We denounce the trade sanctions against the people of Iraq as immoral, illegitimate and contrary to fundamental principles of humanity and human rights. We demand that Congress and the President immediately end the ongoing sanctions war against the people of Iraq.

We support the University of Michigan's Student Assembly which passed a resolution in January condemning the sanctions against the people of Iraq.

We call upon all students dedicated to peace to join the growing movement to end the war against Iraq. Get more information on how you can help end the war by sending an e-mail to studentinfo@leeb.net <mailto:studentinfo@leeb.net>. Check our website at <http://leeb.net/iaac/> students.html.

It was the collective voice of the students that woke our nation to the horror of the Vietnam War. We must once again issue the wake up call to the conscience of our nation.

Sincerely,
Iraq Action Coalition



Sorry, Jeanna, for spelling your name wrong last issue

Whalesong

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The University of Alaska Southeast student newspaper, *The Whalesong*, is a bi-monthly publication with a circulation of 1500 copies per issue. *The Whalesong's* primary audience is UAS students, although its broader audience includes faculty, staff, and community members. *The Whalesong* will strive to inform and entertain its readers, analyze and provide commentary on the news, and serve as a public forum for the free exchange of ideas. The staff of *The Whalesong* values freedom of expression and encourages reader response.

The Whalesong editorial staff assumes no responsibility for the content of material written by non-staff members. The views and opinions contained in this paper in no way represent the University of Alaska and reflect only those of the author(s). The editorial staff is solely responsible for content.

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Is the Breast Fest, and esoteric crap really worth it? In case you're wondering, something needs to be said.

Dear *Whalesong*,

I take pride in my student newspaper. While true that it has been plagued by staffing problems, lack of student contributors, tiring searches for student editors, and deadline-clumsey contributors, these are elements that all student newspapers face. I really appreciate the work that Amelia, Wonder, Morgan, Tia, Eric, and Cherilyn put in to making the *Whalesong* an enjoyable and respectable newspaper. Although I don't usually take the time to contribute my opinions to my student newspaper, it is reassuring to know that if I am inspired to express a concern, share an experience, or place a personal ad, I can do so.

Recently, however, I have been dismayed by the contributions of one of your writers. I do not speak alone when I state that I am both offended and ashamed by the work of this student contributor. Over the course of the last two issues they have managed to insult every aspect of this school that I admire. The first appearance of this contributor's repulsive commentary, although it was aimed at a play that I worked very hard on, I try to laugh off. The article was so disjointed, and whimsical, that finding the intelligible criticism between the aphorisms destroyed any integrity that the article may have possessed. I took for granted that the poor quality of the writing would eliminate its interest to students. Much to my displeasure, this self-proclaimed "...shallow and pompous" individual (I must clarify that this writer was kind enough to include all men in this self-righteous declaration) continued his attack on the UAS community's fiber in your most recent edition.

Discontent with only offending the artist community your writer decided to get all of their ducks in a row and dish on the student body, student government, UAS faculty, UAS administration, as well as fellow *Whalesong* writers all in one issue (Feb. 12). If this writer had in mind the idea of s[ur]ring thought by slapping students in the face, they have succeeded. However, on the whole, "it sounds as if...you have no intellectual credentials."

Love,
Dave Jackson

Dear Alaskan media and organization representatives;

We will distribute ten thousand "Mint Green Ribbon" lapel pins attached to information pamphlets. The Mint green ribbons represent child abuse awareness. We've added a forget-me-not on the lapel pin to represent the Children of the State of Alaska. The ribbon is utilized much the same way the Pink ribbons help in breast cancer awareness.

Each pamphlet will inform Alaskans on statistics in their area, what abuse is, where to report abuse, what to do for the victim, and local services available related to this crime. There are many healthy choices for parenting here in Alaska, and many organizations to get involved with to enrich each community.

This is a simple interactive campaign that any Alaskan can get involved in. Alaskans can show their support to end abuse by education rather than ignorance just by wearing the lapel pin. The campaign will send the message that there is hope, and help for those suffering from the crime of child abuse. Please make the choice to get involved in our children. Healthy children make a better future.

You have several opportunities to get involved with this Alaskan Child Abuse Awareness Campaign for 1999. We have opportunities for new volunteers to get involved in this campaign from pinning the pins to the information pamphlets, gath[er]ing and checking on "service" information, to distribution in each participating city. We are asking for cash donations from \$25 and up (tax deductible, make checks payable to "RID Alaska CSA", and mail to address below). We also need acrylic trifold pamphlet holders/donation containers. And we are looking for organizations/businesses that can host a space on their counter/s during the month of April (National Child Abuse Awareness Month) for the containers.

For those service organizations that would like their information listed on their cities pamphlet please contact RID Alaska. We will be sending a draft copy to organizations already found and listed for approval. If you do not receive one, we don't know about you.

Cities included so far are Anchorage, Fairbanks, Juneau, Kenai/Soldotna area (includes Nikiski, Sterling), Homer, and Seward. If your city is not listed and would like to participate in this interactive educational campaign please contact us.

We are a Non-Profit organization registered with the State of Alaska, and the Federal Government.

You can find more information about this campaign on RID Alaska Child Sexual Abuse Website viewed by over 30,000.

Thank you for taking the time to look over this information. We look forward to hearing from you.

Sincerely,
Tia M. Rosenbaum, President

RID Alaska Child Sexual Abuse
PO Box 2196
Kenai, AK 99611
907-283-5920
907-252-3424 (From any city in Alaska this call will be free)
rosenbau@alaska.net
www.alaska.net/~rosenbau/

Faculty contribution

Jaques Cousteau made me do it

By Cathy Connor
Assistant Professor of Geology

During my high school days in Northern California I spent many weekends with my friend Betty Ferguson, diving for abalone, swim ming with sea otter, and marveling at giant brown kelp forests that rivaled terrestrial redwood groves.

We dreamed of the days when we would be famous marine biologists, exploring the sea's mysteries just as our hero Jaques Cousteau did in frequent television specials. We longed to be part of his research team, wet-suit clad explorers skimming the ocean surface in rubber zodiacs, dispatched from his vessel Calypso. While daydreaming of such adventure, we savored the abalone we had pried out of rocks and crevices while free diving and tried to avoid getting blasted ashore through blowholes and other perilous coastal features. Betty's weightbelt often fell off and got lost in the kelp hold-fasts.

After graduation we went our separate ways, Betty off to UC San Diego to study lobster brains and other sea stuff while I stayed closer to home. Leland Stanford Jr. University had a small marine research station south of Monterey which seemed to be just the place for pursuing further knowledge about marine organisms. Unfortunately it was reserved mostly for upper level biology students and faculty researchers. Undergraduates had to pay their dues by taking calculus, chemistry, physics, biology, and a myriad of other required courses, before we could join the wise ones on the coast. I was pleasantly and unexpectedly diverted from this "toiling in the trenches" by a freshman seminar devoted to the Geology of California. Our Geostatistician Professor,

John Harbaugh, loaded us into vans every week end and showed us, outcrop by outcrop, landform by land form, how he had become fascinated with the Earth.

An inadvertent encounter with Hepatitis A while back-packing in Yosemite during summer vacation, sidelined me for the Fall Quarter of my sophomore year. Upon

With just a slit of star-filled sky above us each night as we gazed up from sleeping bags strewn across point bars in the bottom of the canyon, I felt like I was getting a glimpse of ancient events from long-passed days, frozen into the canyon walls.

-Author

my return, I was out of phase with the second year biology sequence. I bided my time by taking geology courses while I waited for the inexorable progression of the biology core sequence to cycle back around.

A course entitled Geology of the Grand Canyon caught my attention in the spring offerings catalogue and I conned my way into it, having had only one official geology course up to that point. It also turned out to be a course in extreme

Fluvial Hydrology.

While rafting down the Colorado River I discovered the Coconino Sandstone, the Redwall Limestone, the Hakati Shale and the Vishnu Schist. I also entered Crystal Rapids, Lava Falls and other foaming and raging stretches of the river. It was an odyssey I will never forget. With just a slit of star-filled sky above us each night as we gazed up from sleeping bags strewn across point bars in the bottom of the canyon, I felt like I was getting a glimpse of ancient events from long-passed days, frozen into the canyon walls.

During a hiking expedition up one of the many side canyons, we discovered a two-foot long eurypterid fossil, a denizen of Paleo-marine environments and a formidable-looking arthropod. In one of those "light bulb" moments I realized that the pursuit of Paleo-marine biology was a viable career option that could be attained if one pursued a geology degree. After that, there was no turning back. Mineralogy, petrology and geochemistry courses soon followed.

So to those of you who are presently making your way through the unexpected challenges, frustrations, joys, and "light bulb" moments of undergraduate education, remember to work hard and stay mostly focused to achieve your goals. There will be interesting diversions along your path. These may lead you to very rewarding and unanticipated places that can enrich your life beyond your wildest imagination. Don't shy away from following these unbeaten paths and interesting game trails because you never know where they may take you. Time is on your side.

Student contribution

College reflections

By Roger Jacobson
Whalesong Contributor and Cartoonist

Today I contemplate my upcoming assignments. The goal of a degree lies somewhere in the distant future. There is an attempt to imagine my self working within my chosen field, yet the image is vague.

There is resistance toward the concept of Culture and its variety of

Missions. There is the desire to return to the realm of Nature, where Spontaneity replaces the Mission.

We originate in Nature, and slowly are brought into the realm of Culture. Our free, spontaneous Being selves are gradually replaced by the burdened, pressured Do ing self.

The task of one who seeks wholeness

is to balance Culture and Nature, or Doing and Being. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," yet what does all play and no work make Jack? Probably poverty-stricken.

I have known the pressure of Mission. It is the bone with a few bits of gristle, the bone that becomes the center of existence, the bone that blots out the sun. All who interfere with the Bone are perceived as threats.

I have known the spontaneity of Being. The aimless Sunday drive, the casual stroll along the beach, the pleasant conversation.

Those who are able to balance Culture and Nature, restraint and freedom, doing and being, spontaneity and goal-driven pressure—I admire these people.

Four K.D. Langs,

You are fine refined, unique, exotic, exquisite, charming, a charm.
You are a star and I'm an asteroid belt that wants to whip you.
You are a constellation called The Big Whipper.
Separated by the galaxy of beauty, kindness, intelligence and passion.
Aliens study you to see what's in fashion.
NASA would delay the shuttle launch if you walked by, Spock would have a nervous break down if he looked in your eyes.

-The Joet



Photo by Katelyn Bendzel

Sorry, Kean, but you and Dave are waaaaay too cute to resist putting in the paper! Gosh, I love Makeover Monday!

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Accreditation...

...continued from page 1

ber of the College of Arts and Sciences at the University of Washington. Dunn, like all evaluation team chairs, is a member of the commission.

Evaluation team members will do their homework ahead of time, reading the university's self-study and familiarizing themselves with the university's handbooks, catalogs, and other written information. Stell says the commission handbook "lists the kinds of things they want to see—course outlines, faculty resumes, recruitment bulletins for faculty and staff." Among other things, "They want to know that we are paying fair market salaries," Stell says. "The evaluation teams want to see that how you spend your resources matches what you say your objectives are. That's why it's so important that they have a good understanding of what we say we are."

The commission also wants to see the institution demonstrate that its programs "are preparing students for the world tomorrow," Johnson says. "At UAS we're more and more competency-based. We want students to

demonstrate that they can think and speak well, and utilize contemporary technology." She says the university is moving in this direction because "standards have been changed to assess student performances, and that's the way the world is going."

The more comprehensive the self-study report, the less on-site investigation will be required by the evaluation team. Even so, when they are on campus in October the evaluation team members will examine all aspects of university life—finances, physical plant, library, student services, housing—and each team member will have an assignment—for example, the business office, the library, the administration. She expects one or two members to be specifically assigned to talk to students and faculty. Rather than convening structured forums, the members of the evaluation team will explore the campus more casually. Students on campus for fall semester 1999 should be prepared to talk with evaluators, who will want to know "how students feel about this service or that service," Stell says. More information regarding the process will be published in early fall, closer to the

time of the team's visit.

The commission would like to see the entire university involved in the self-study and the campus visit. "What the commission doesn't want is to see just one person involved, with no one else aware of what's going on," Johnson says. "We have plans to solicit student involvement for reviewing the report that gets sent to the commission." And there are other ways students can be involved in the accreditation process, she says. Ask professors about their involvement; check syllabi to see whether classes really offer opportunities to exercise the listed competencies, and if not, ask why; and have a basic understanding of the accreditation process and what it means for the institution and for students. Stell says the best way for students to be involved is to "be aware. Know about accreditation and what it is."

Johnson says accreditation is "a lot of work, and not everyone sees the value in it. But if we didn't perform this kind of analysis on ourselves, students would not be assured of getting the very best education that they could."

Accreditation Standards of the Northwest Association of Schools and Colleges Commission on Colleges

Standard One - Institutional Mission and Goals, Planning and Effectiveness

Standard Two - Educational Program and Its Effectiveness

Standard Three - Students

Standard Four - Faculty

Standard Five - Library and Information Resources

Standard Six - Governance and Administration

Standard Seven - Finance

Standard Eight - Physical Resources

Standard Nine - Institutional Integrity

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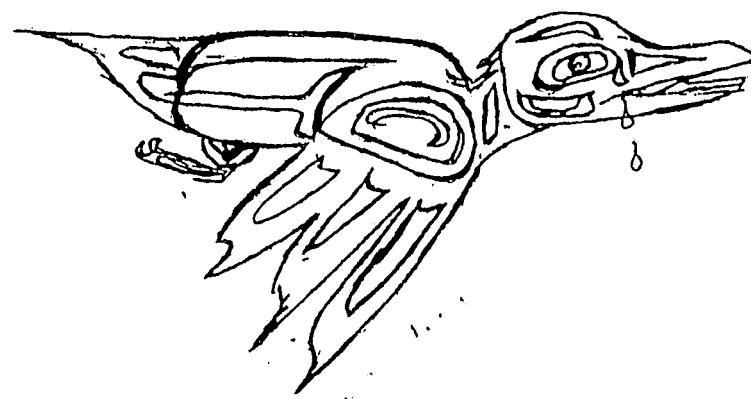
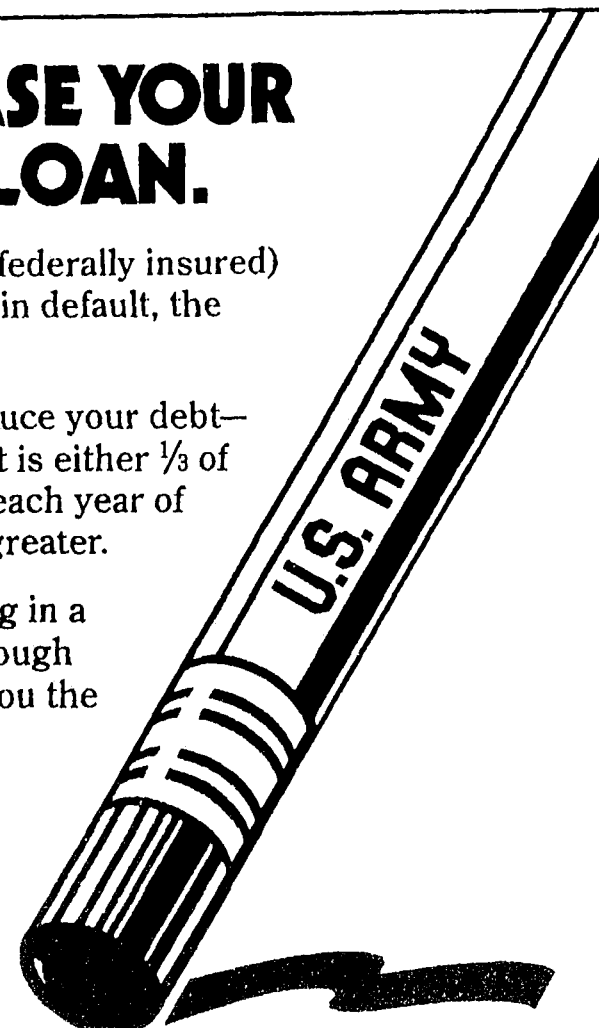
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Ugly

**I am just a girl-
I am soft,
I want to please
Don't push me into the ugly side of me.
I am just a girl-
I love horses,
I love the sea
Don't make me turn on you
I have an ugly side I rarely use
I really don't want to show.
Do you know that you are goading
My demon out of hiding?
It's a fury my softness conceals
That you are not ready to know.
I am just a girl-
I want to be held
and romantically teased
Don't be that
-snake in my bed
-rake in the grass
-ice down my back
unpleasantly surprising
VIOLATER!
Who brings out the ugly side of me.**

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Hypnotist...

...continued from page 1

a sundae. With random words or phrases, the volunteers who were still under their master's trance would jump to their feet and do the certain actions they were programmed to do. There was one man who thought he was Tarzan, another who thought he was G.I. Joe, a lady who thought she was a cheerleader, and another who had the urge to answer a telephone that she thought was ringing from a man's gut. It was a classic ending to a great show.

After the standing ovation I waited my turn to talk with Chris Carter, and he let me interview him for several moments. He told me he had been a professional hypnotist for eight years and has travelled across America and even to as far away as Saudi Arabia. A hypnotist came to his school when he was 15 years old, and he was so inspired that he never tried to do anything else. I was very curious how he learned and had become so good. "It's not easy to learn. But it's not difficult to find out how to do it," he told me. "Any half-way decent library will have books on it."

I asked him how he read my mind, and though he wouldn't tell me the tricks of his trade, he did tell me: "It's all about creating the right sense of mystery." And he sure did that. "I have a blast doing it, I really appreciate the volunteers who help out. Because of them I have the best job in the world."

I talked with several people who were under the influence of hypnotism, and even though they don't remember hardly a thing, they agree that it was real. So at least I know that Carter is not a liar when he told me, "The fact of hypnotism is not up for question, it absolutely exists." And I have to agree.



Photo by Scott Foster

A volunteer seizes the blindfold, concealing all but his psychic vision.



Photo by Eric Morrison

"So, uh, Chris, how do those hypno-tricks work on picking up girls?"

"Sorry, Dave, tricks of the trade, you know."



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Read this or else

By Ann Otheriter
Whalesong Contributor and Concerned Person

Last night I witnessed something that I feel everyone should know about and gossip about. So I picked the perfect public forum, the Whalesong. That's kind of ironic, because that's what I wanted y'all to know about. What happened last night at the Whalesong, that is. I was walking downstairs to gratify my need for video games, and I stopped in at the Whalesong and asked in a whiny voice, "When is the paper coming out?" like I always do to bother those guys. I love that. So anyway, instead of throwing me out of their office, they barely even noticed me. What a drag! Then I noticed that Ivan that one computer guy was in front of the main computer, looking gloomy. Dave the desk guy was there too, and his forehead was all wrinkled up. Then I noticed Amelia and Wonder, who were sitting nearby with a glazed look in their eyes. I mean, they looked like they were in shock. They barely moved, and both of them had their hands over their mouths, and it was like they were frozen. Anyway, I asked "What's the matter with you people?" to show my concern and stuff. And they said that for some reason, no one really understands why, the computer killed the whole paper. Yeah! Just killed it dead! Kablamm! They said the whole freaking paper was completely gone, the computer had somehow got a virus, or the files were corrupted. And they had to trash everything about their paper, even Pagemaker had to be trashed and then re-put on the computer. It was pretty bad. I guess they had worked on the paper, like, all week. And then it just died or got killed in about ten minutes, the night before it was gonna get printed. And there was nothing anyone could do to save it. Wonder was kind of mumbling "Just like a miscarriage", and Amelia was trying to taking it in stride, but real upset, and then Eric came by, and once he found out what was going on, he had to run out of the room, he was so choked up. I guess he had worked real hard, too, being a reporter and everything. Then that Joe guy showed up and he thought it was real funny, and that relieved a lot of the stress in the room. Amelia and Wonder saw the funny side of losing all their work, and that was good. Kirk, that faculty teacher dude ran to get pizza because he thought that the Whalesong people were going to have a breakdown, but they just started reading from the Dream Interpreter's dreambook. I guess that's what people in shock do, because they were acting like they'd just seen a horrific car crash. Ivan used some program called Can Opener to salvage whatever was

left of the paper. It was just one text document about a mile long, and all gobbledy-gook, like that encoding stuff on the internet, totally crazy. I guess Kean heard about what happened cause he came by with brownies for the "funeral". Then, Amelia got all white and angry and she jumped onto a chair and said "We can't work in these conditions! We're people, not animals!"

And everyone in the room just went real quiet and were looking at her, like, in awe.

And then she said "People don't realize how much work and tears goes into the paper. They're just happy when it comes out."

And Kirk (who had come back) said, "We can't let this technology do this to these hard-working people week after week!" (And he jumped onto a desk.)

There was this club meeting, like Woon Eon or Aises outside, and they started listening and coming over, too. Joe smacked his fist into his palm and said "We've GOT to get that TLTR grant!" but Kirk said "They always argue that we already get money from technology fees" but then Dave said "But the Whalesong doesn't!" and then everyone was really desperate looking, like they just HAD to get that money or die. "Since you guys are performing a service to the community and the university, you should get the best equipment," Kean said as he jumped onto a chair. "Why don't we just walk over to the Learning Center and unplug their PowerMac that no one uses and bring it back here?" asked one guy no one knew who had joined the throng.

Wonder said, "Can't we get a petition going? Rally the students?" She thought of that because she used to be on student government, I guess. Because the funding the Whalesong gets only covers the cost of printing the paper, not updating or fixing faulty computers that kill their own documents, even after having the hard drive and desktop re-built and the Norton cleaner run through it. And that poor technology is reducing the worker productivity, providing work disincentives, contributing to the degeneration of the wellbeing of students who aren't getting their paper, and producing less output overall, you know. But by this time, people were cheering and "Amen"-ing and I think maybe the word is getting around, like I hoped it would. Because although I don't know about running a paper, I know I like reading it, and it made me feel bad to see all the sadness and waste due to inadequate, defective equipment that night, so I wanted to write to you all to support the grant for the Whalesong. Because they totally need it, man.

"Searching the Galaxy for Life"

BY DR. JILL CORNELL TARTER

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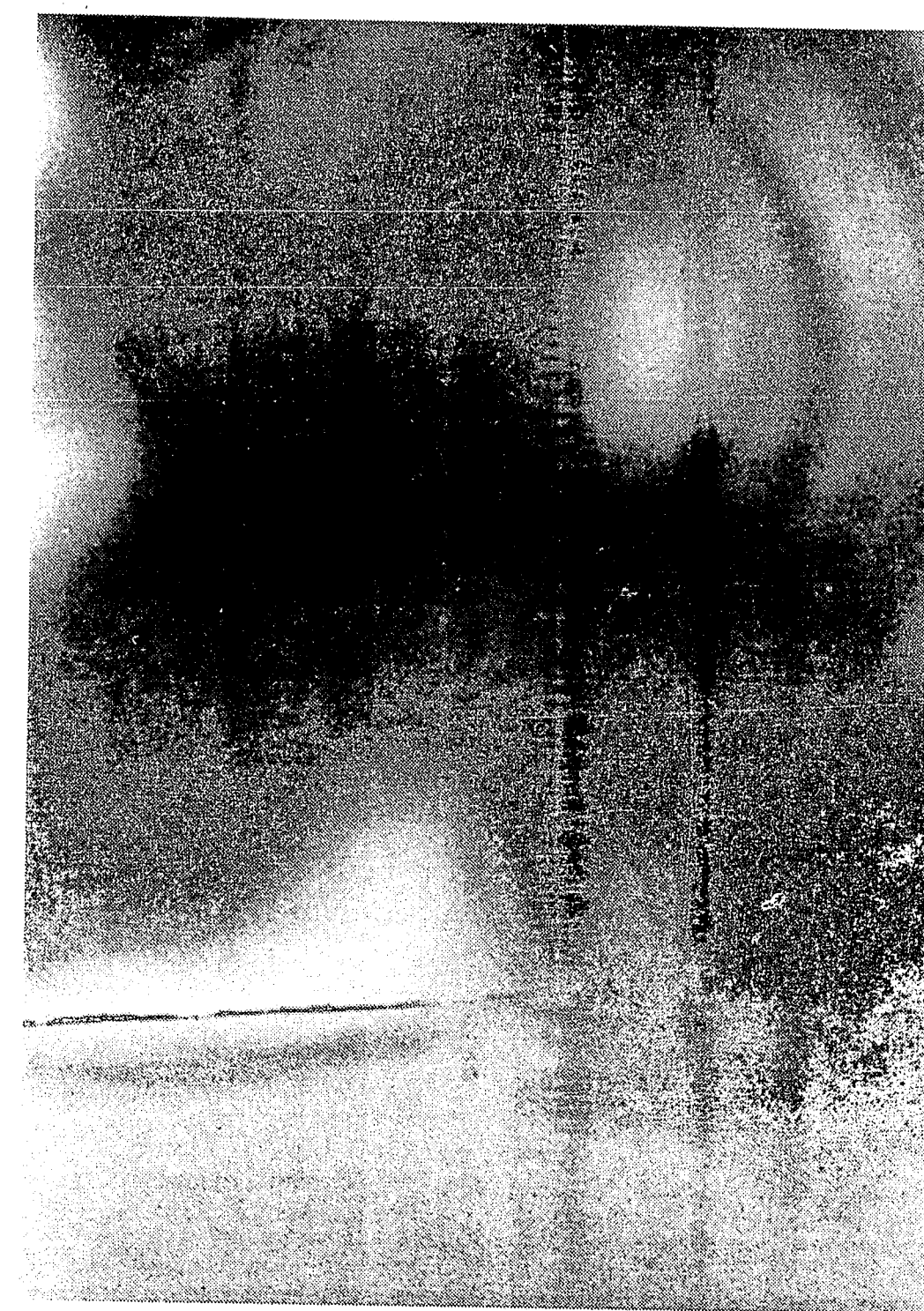
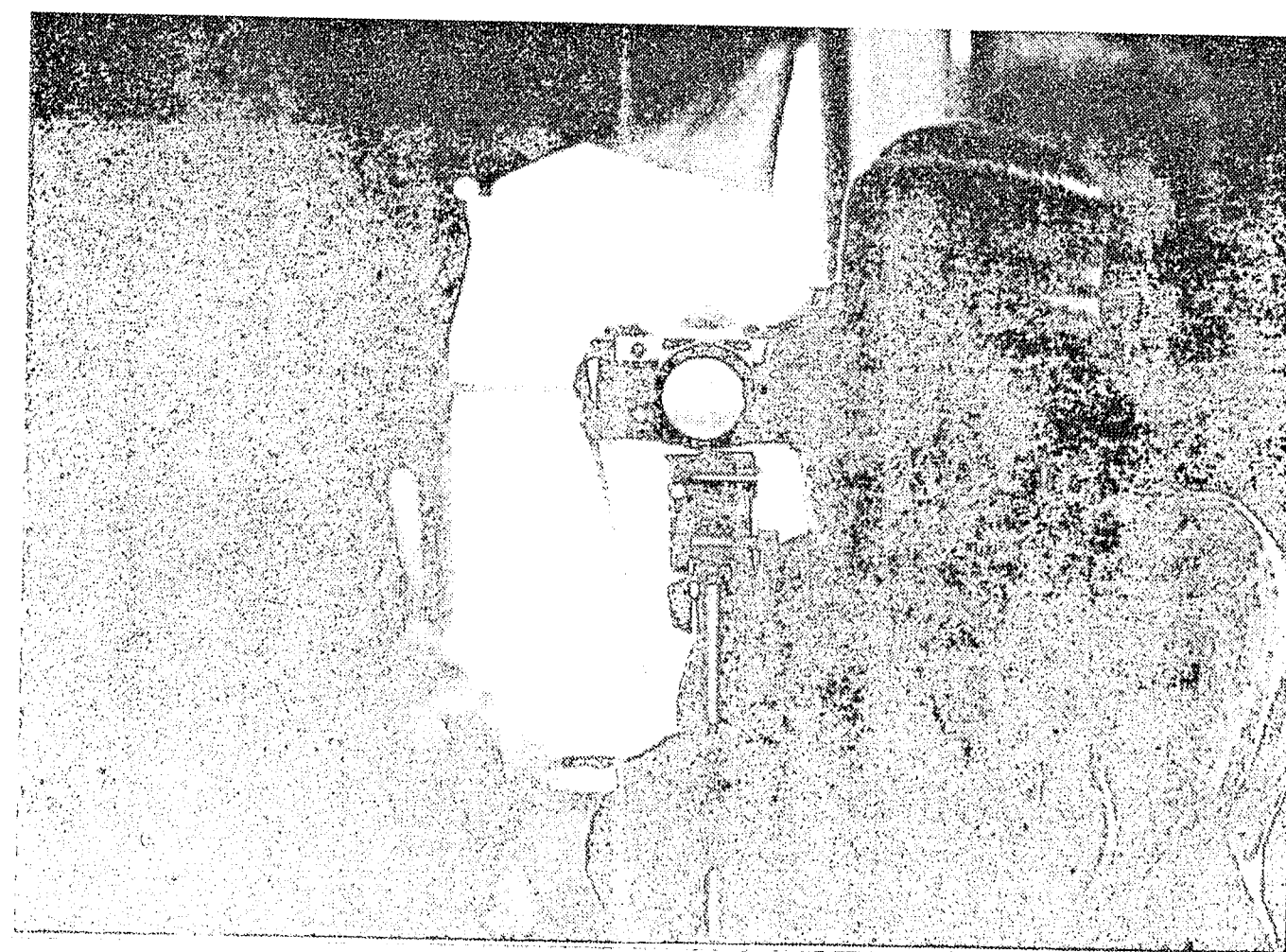
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*Photos by
Tia Anderson*



Magdalene

[Ed.'s note: This story contains images and language of a graphic nature.]

By Tomás Antona
Whalesong contributor

On the day that Aaron Whitehead discovered he was a stain, he bought a 6" straight razor at WalMart for \$1.59. His squat fat body sweated obscenely. Dark grease spots formed under the pits of his "Beer: It's not just for break fast anymore" T-shirt. He looked like a panicked sow on the butcher block. "I'm a stain," he mumbled, "I'm a stain."

For 38 years, Whitehead worked for the Georgia Department of Transportation in Stone Mountain. He started in the mailroom and moved up to Xeroxing. Eight hours a day, five days a week for 23 years, he Xeroxed maps in a solitary fluorescent-lit basement room, occasionally bending over to add toner.

He lived in a filthy one-room efficiency on Decatur Street. A single light bulb hung from a wire over his tattered bed. He had one chair and a small table littered with Kentucky Fried Chicken boxes, beer cans, and empty Ho-ho cupcake wrappers. Taped to the wall was a March 1978 canterfold of Beaver magazine. It showed dark red fingernails spreading the cheeks of an enormous sweat glistening butt. He adored the picture.

Every day after work, every weekend, every Christmas, every Easter, every holiday, he sat in the front row of the Red Dot Lounge and letched, a wad of one dollar bills in his sweaty palm. He letched with his eyes. He letched with his mouth. He letched with his tongue and his fingers.

His favorite was called the Magdalene. She could vibrate one cheek of her ass fully while keeping the other perfectly still. It was poetry. One cheek in chaos, one stationary. One stationary, the other in chaos. Both in chaos, both stationary. The Ying, the Yang. The Yang, the Ying. Magnificence.

The sweaty boys sat mesmerized. She knew how to work them. One by one, she stared into their eyes until a dollar appeared from their hypnotized fingers. Whitehead couldn't stand her gaze. His jowls would inflate and turn beet red. His breath would quicken and his mouth would contort. Her eyes cut through him. She made him feel desired.

After collecting her money, the Magdalene hid in the back room and numbed herself with vodka. The vultures would want table dances and she had to be prepared. She always offered Whitehead one first. He was hideous, but he kept his hands to himself and never said a word.

After stumbling home from the Red Dot, Whitehead was usually too drunk to undress. He would waddle to the bed, fumble with his zipper, and have sex with the pillow, occasionally glancing up at the butt on the wall for inspiration.

The night before he discovered he was a stain, Whitehead dreamt he was Xeroxing live babies out of his photocopier. He collated the babies by weight and stamped "Dept. of Transportation" on their foreheads. Everything was running smoothly. The babies were happy. The collation was simple and the stamping, quick. Then, the machine jammed. He had fed it too much paper. He panicked. In stead of hitting STOP, he hit DOUBLE-SIDED STAPLED. Blood gushed from the crevices of the machine. Tiny limbs spewed into the receptacle trays. He woke up screaming.

It was morning. The apartment seemed brighter than usual, more lurid. He could see everything: the filth on the walls, the grime on the floor, the dust-bunnies clinging to his chair. His skin was blotched, stained. There were stains on the ceiling; stains on the toilet; stains on the bed, the pillow, the sheets.

At work it was the same. Everything was blemished, spotted, pockmarked. He felt a huge weight crushing his chest. He spilt a bottle of toner and saw his reflection in the puddle. "I'm a stain," he realized, "I'm a stain."

The razor from Wal-Mart cut two incisions across each wrist. He laid on the bed and stared at the ceiling, his hands crossed on his belly. A warm wetness enveloped him. He felt sleepy and sexual. He closed his eyes. He fantasized he was at his funeral. The girls from the Red Dot were huddled around his tombstone crying and passing around a bottle of Mad Dog. They were dressed in fishnet and tight black miniskirts. The Magdalene wept hardest of all. She pulled up her skirt and vibrated her ass in the deepest of mourning. The others egged her on. Go! Go! Raise Him from the Dead! Go! Soon she was naked, gyrating wildly as the tears rolled down her face. She fell to her knees exhausted. She called out his name again and again. She stayed there for hours, heartbroken and inconsolable.

Then, paying her final respects, she took the dollars from her garter and showered them over his grave.



Photo by Morgan Brown

UAS Senators and Lovely Ladies Verity Gudger and Nicole Laeger

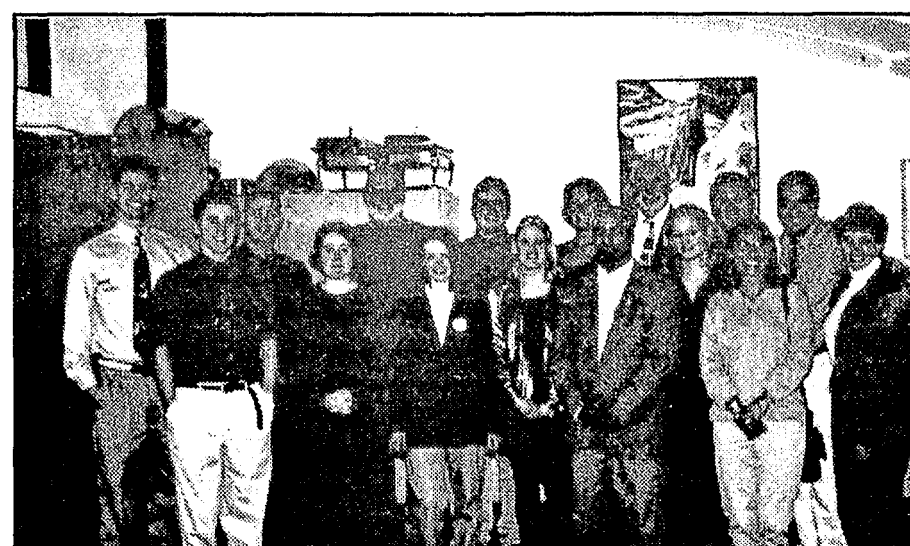


Photo by Eric Morrison

Student leaders from UAS, UAA and UAF and their supporters gather.



Photo by Amelia Jenkins

Rose Mergulief plays with cold, spinning clay.

Interested in theater work? Perseverance Theater is looking for people to help build or paint sets for The Goblin Market. Call 364-2421



Photo by Scott Foster

Student body president Josh Horst, flanked by the Chancellor and President of the Board of Regents addresses Regents and guests at the dinner held for them by USUAS-JC during last week's Legislative Conference.

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Faculty tenure stirs up tension

By Cherilyn Johnson
Whalesong Reporter

UAS biology professor Dr. Dennis Russell is in the midst of the tenure application process. Although the process has not been completed and tenure has been neither granted nor denied, Russell has some concerns regarding how the process has been implemented, and he has serious doubts about its outcome.

What exactly is tenure and why is it important? Dean John Pugh defines tenure as "a process by which faculty are evaluated regarding their teaching, their research, and their service to the university and the community. Faculty are evaluated not only on how well they teach a particular subject but on how well they

fit into a particular program within the university."

Faculty members submit an application for tenure. The application then goes through a lengthy process, which is outlined in the UAS *Faculty Handbook*. Russell and Pugh both provided clarification of the process for the purposes of this article.

An application for tenure is first evaluated by a peer review committee made up of faculty members from the applicant's discipline. In Russell's case, that meant members of the math, science, and social sciences faculty of the University of Alaska Southeast Juneau Campus. One of Russell's concerns is that this meeting was held on September 29, three days before the official date of October

1, and that he was not allowed to attend the meeting.

In the second step, the application for tenure is evaluated by the Dean of Faculty. Next, it is evaluated by what is called the MAU, or major academic unit, peer review committee. This committee includes faculty members from UAS campuses in Ketchikan and Sitka as well as Juneau.

Russell's application has gone through these three steps, and he is concerned because his application has received negative responses so far. "It's been denial, denial, denial," he said.

His application for tenure faces two remaining evaluations. The Chief Academic Officer, in this case Vice Chancellor Roberta Stell, will review the application and make her recommendation no later than Mar. 30. After that, Chancellor Marshall Lind will evaluate the application and make a recommendation no later than Apr. 15.

Being granted tenure does not insure

a life-long appointment to a position, as some people believe. "What tenure does is say that you can stay for a long time, at least five years, before another review," Pugh says. If tenure is denied, a faculty member can continue to teach for one more year; after that, he or she is not likely to continue teaching at the same institution. Pugh points out, however, that a faculty member who is denied tenure at one institution can find a position at another, where he or she might fit more effectively into the university program.

Russell states the situation more plainly—"No tenure equals no job." Regarding the effect of being denied tenure on his ability to find another position, Russell says, "It can't do any good."

Pugh said he could not comment specifically on Russell's case because it is "still in process at this point." Dr. Michael Stekol, faculty chair of the UAS math/science department, also said comments on the case are "inappropriate at this stage. No official decision has been made regarding tenure."

Students and AIDS

By Tia Anderson
Whalesong contributor and photographer

You can't have sex these days without having to worry about STD's (Sexually Transmitted Diseases). The most dangerous of them all, is the AIDS Virus. Yes, you've heard all this before you're saying, you know you're supposed to use condoms, birth control, etc. etc. etc...

Most all of us know that AIDS is not something we want to get. Lots of us know that you get AIDS through the exchange of bodily fluids. Some of us know that you can get AIDS through oral sex as well as vaginal or anal intercourse, unclean needles, and blood transfusions. Fewer of us still, know what actually happens to a person when they contract the AIDS Virus, or what we can do about it.

The Acquired ImmunoDeficiency Virus (AIDS) is a virus that destroys your body's immune system. Imagine your body's immune system as a treasure guarded by T4 cell guards. When the AIDS Virus enters your body, it latches onto the guards (T4 cells) and doesn't let them do their jobs of protecting your body from germs and other things. When a person has the AIDS Virus, if they die, they do not die of AIDS, they die of things like the Flu, or Chicken Pox, things that your body normally would be able to fight off. If a person has fewer than 200 T4 guard cells, they are considered to have AIDS.

If a female has the AIDS Virus, she can pass them on to her children during pregnancy and some times through breast milk. Anyone can pass the virus on to another person through sex (vaginal, oral, or anal) without using a condom for protection. It is suggested that plastic wrap can be used during oral sex for women and men.

If you don't know if you or your partner, or the person you slept with last month has any STD's, including the AIDS Virus, it is your responsibility to find out. If you don't know, then you run the danger of passing it on to others if you have it, or getting it from someone who does. Think about it, there are so many students from other states, other countries, people who travel often, and people who use needles. The fact is, you don't know who has it and who doesn't, including yourself! AIDS is invisible. The UAS health center can test students for free to find out if they have any STD's. They can also supply you with free birth control pills and FREE CONDOMS! If you feel you need to take matters into your own hands, talk to the nurse. Have you and your partner both get tested before you engage in unprotected sex.

Two very important things before I end this article: number one, if you test positive, your life's not over, there are many things you can do to build your immunity and go on with your life for many years, number two, if you test negative, it doesn't mean that you'll never get AIDS or any other STD's. If you do test positive, you must tell your partner. They have a right to know because they might have it too. Any testing from UAS Health Services is strictly confidential. If you have questions regarding AIDS at any stage, including prevention and/or testing, make an appointment with the nurse.



Photo by Kim Poerter

Students loll about in the snow with kegs at their off-campus beer orgy.



Located in the Student Resource Center in the Novatney Building

STD/HIV screening is available on campus at the UAS Health Center located within the Student Resource Center.

Appointments are necessary; please telephone 465-6439 or stop by and make an appointment.

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(UAS Community)

Your horoscope is Wright here

PISCES (Feb 20 to Mar 20) Well, you have been unanimously chosen as "Fudgepuppy" of the month. A high honor to be sure. Campus wide fame and respectability are in the scenario. Students will be interviewing you wondering how you achieved this remarkable award second only to the "Nobhead Piece Prize". Your doctrine on sick puppies of society will go down in history as one of the most profound writings of our time. Congratulations! Your destiny is now solidified and it's party time.

ARIES (Mar 21 to Apr 19) Give of yourself freely to others and you will reap many rewards. But knowing your warped maladjusted images of reality this could present certain problems. If it is your true heart you're passing out stop and think for a minute. If you feed a wild bear a New York steak with your bare hand, how much of that appendage would you realistically get back? People have hungers too which they may not even be aware of. Hungers from the dark side, which can swallow things whole.

TAURUS (Apr 20 to May 20) You're being catapulted into the "Landibus Corticulous Incubatus". Your brain wave patterns are changing and your self image is also changing as a result. Something inside you is kindling. A shift of emotions that is freaking you out because you're not sure where it's leading. It is uncharted territory for you. Unleash your sense of adventure and passion for life. Change is OK. It opens new doors to life and new answers to who you are and can be. Age isn't a factor here. It could happen from 9 to 99. You better go with it because there isn't anything you can do about it anyway.

GEMINI (May 21 to Jun 20) One of these days you're going to come up with something really profound. Seriously, it will have an impact on many people. Only you can determine whether it will be good or bad. You have two choices! You can either go through time as a living crashdummy, or you can follow your spirit and flow so gracefully you'll think you're already in the hereafter. The choice is yours. Either way it will be exciting for you and each will have its rewards.

CANCER (Jun 21 to Jul 20) The Department of the Interior is looking high and low for you. And do you know why? I bet you think it's for some posh job controlling various segments of government with secret status and top secret clearances. Actually, it's because the inside of your residence is so horrifyingly decorated they thought you might need help before you are a menace to the public. With your electric nature your personality has absolutely no definition whatsoever. Get a life and get a lava lamp.

LEO (Jul 23 to Aug 22) A time for you to work hard and entertain friends and guests. Impress them with your homemade pizza. (Since you don't know how to cook worth a damn just get Bullwinkle's and doctor it up a bit). Hey, who needs culinary skills when you have a mind like yours? (Burnt like you do your cooking.) It must have been microwaved years ago. Maybe you should wear a miniature satellite dish on your head just to see if you can pick up anything. Wow! Is that the learning channel?

VIRGO (Aug 23 to Sept 22) Temptation is your buzzword now. Academia? Hardly. Macadamial Palm trees and macademia nuts. You're envisioning a UAS annex in Honolulu. The psychological implications of miniature and microscopic bathing suits and all the euphoria associated with lust and indulgence. Speaking of nuts, that is what you are. Hacomania nuts for you my friend. Start listening to educational tapes in your sleep when your sleep when your brain can absorb it and daydream the rest of your waking hours.

LIBRA (Sep 23 to Oct 23) I know mathematics is the farthest thing from your mind or spirit. I also know you can put two and two together in all kinds of new dimensions and theories, but when it comes to the square root of pi, your answer would be: A veggi-pizza that somehow came alive after being unattended for some time. Except roots aren't square. They're sort of roundish like the tentacles of your being when you fall in love with someone. You wrap them up so there is no escape unless someone won't water you.

SCORPIO (Oct 24 to Nov 22) Phi Beta Crappa. Marvelous! You're making it to the top of the pile now. Each and every day your intelligence is growing and with it, your knowledge. Ah, but there is a distinct difference between the two. You see, intelligence is for the gifted and knowledge is for the lucky individuals whom have enough brain cells left to absorb information and retain it. They couldn't come up with an original thought if their life depended on it. But then their life probably doesn't depend on it, or anything else.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 23 to Dec 21) The ancient ones are calling you. Close your eyes and feel the presence. As they once did centuries ago to have a sacrificial lamb on the altar. Well, you know times have changed, but the spirits have not. So invite your favorite lover over to your ceremonial residence for dinner, get carried away romantically and burn the living hell out of a couple of prime lamb chops.

CAPRICORN (Dec 22 to Jan 19) Your sun is rising and your moon is moving diagonally So who gives a rat's ass. I don't! The important thing is that the next few weeks YOU don't give a rat's ass about it either. In fact, don't give a rat's ass about anything and everything. Go out of your way not to be concerned with anything. People will flock to you in wonderment and the more you say I DON'T CARE, the more they want to be a part of you. Because you're shit just doesn't stink! So stick that nose in the air!

AQUARIUS (Jan 20 to Feb 19) You are a clam digger's dream come true. Someone comes along and starts digging in your muck and alas, there you are. A hard exterior just waiting to be pried open and savored for what you really are. A muscle head that has an extremely slimy characteristic. Ah, but when you get steamed that's when your true spirit comes alive and life takes on a new meaning. (Cooked!)

Yours Truly,
Effin Wright

Your sub-conscious strikes again!

By the Dream Scientist

Understanding your dreams means understanding yourself, a trip more than a destination for we are lucid spirits in bodies with inertia. Trying to stop is unnatural, as is avoiding your unconscious psyche. It's trying to help you. Fear not the journey.

Dear Dream Scientist,

I had a dream I was a United Nations observer and a war was going on, only the soldiers weren't very good and unable to aim, take cover, etc. Then a huge soldier was running very fast right at me with a gun, first I was scared but he ran right past me and was after something else. Then I woke up.

Baffled

Dear Baffled,
The fighting represents turmoil in your real (domestic, work) life, or more probably, in your psyche. The clash is between what you want to do and what you ought to do, neither having an edge, hence the incompetence of the soldiers. The soldier running at you is probably a psychological pro-tease inhibitor (protector) of some sort chasing away "something else" that threatens you; possibly long-term commitment (more on details in a moment). The running soldier also could mean you are worried about latent homosexuality, (hence the gun) but aren't (homo) because he ran on by. Sounds like you want to figure out the dilemma and do something to control it, hence the U.N. is brought in. I say relax, stay in your dream

as long as possible, use the U.N. observer link to figure out what the battle is, get a cease-fire and you'll have more focused efforts.

Dear Dream Scientist,

A six-foot daddy long legs spider chases me around a house. I go into the bed room and cover at one end of the bed. The spider crawls up on the other end of the bed and while jumping up and down says, "don't worry, I just want to be your friend."

Harbor Rat

Don't be ratty,
Your unconscious thinks that your boyfriend(or girlfriend) is preventing you from growing personally.

Dear Dream Scientist,

In my dream, I was on Judge Judy and I lost so I appealed to Judge Wapner. It was Judge Judy versus me and I won. I remember being extremely happy about defeating Judge Judy then waking up.

Preconceived Motion

Dear Mind in Motion,
It could be that you are letting society's functions and "rules" interfere with your potential/ability to create. Or, and I believe, the real meaning of your dream could be determined if we knew what was the issue

that caused you to be on Judge Judy. Details, details, details, much as to build a rocket ship, you must know how to crank down a nut on a bolt, you must get to the details in your dreams to understand them; colors, sounds, places, people and what they say. Take notes. Otherwise, it's a good sign that you won. You probably have a knack for legal ethics.

Dear Dream Scientist,

A man with a gun is watching me as I get dressed for work, first through the window, then he comes right out of the closet and points his gun at me. I woke up.
Well Grounded

Well, Well, Well,
Any sense of danger in your dream is an inner conflict between conscious and unconscious that needs sorted out. Perhaps you like your boyfriend(girlfriend) a lot but your unconscious has doubts about being married to this person. In such dreams, you should not be scared, try to figure out who the man with the gun is and what he wants. Do that and you'll identify this particular conflict.

FYI-Repression

Feelings and desires are repressed because you think they

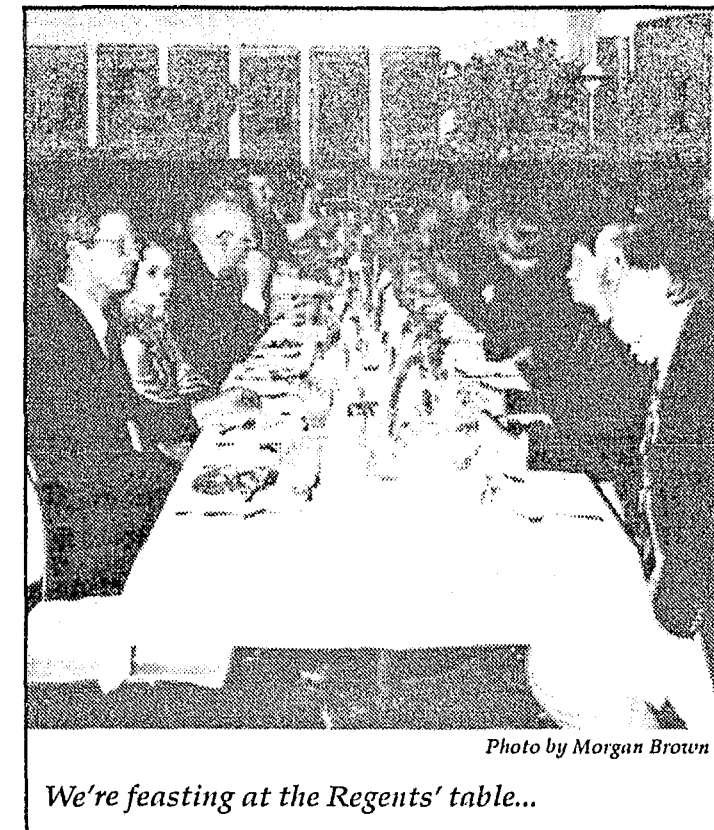
Irking
I am irkable.
Irkable am I.
I am irkable: irkable am I.
So are you. You, too, are irkable.
I irk you.
You are irkable.
You allow me to irk you.
Irkable are you.
Irk Irk.
Don't you irk me!
Irking...irking...irking...

are unacceptable. However, they do not cease to exist nor do they cease functioning negatively and destructively. Out of sight is not out of mind. Tis best to deal with these anomalies, let's hope they are rare, head on. Stay in your dream when difficulty arises. Say I'm not scared, I'm not scared, I'm not scared. While awake say to yourself, I'm not scared of my dreams. Write down your dreams and send them to the Whalesong at the Mourant Building or jyw@uas.alaska.edu.
Fear not the journey.

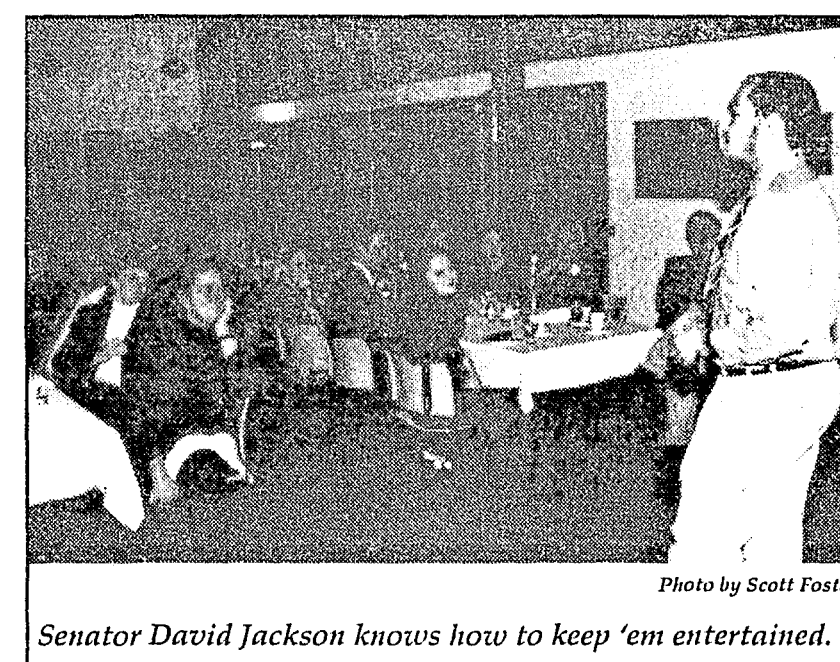
Propaganda

Pollution pushin people to power. Put in a position to prophesy prophecies for people to peruse. Penetratin pass compassion pondering plentiful ploys with pragmatic passion. Pissin off prisoners poised on polygamy, pertainin to Pisces officially. Proficiently playful, postulatn past prognostication pointin to peasant farmers posin as politicians. Pagan peers prize preponderant placidity; perhaps by probability protons procreate premonitions or possibly propensities permeating perturbation. Pataliputra possessin presidents propounding precedents. Piece of paper pooped on poorly pliable pause in procrastination presumin affiliation with prowess for patriarchal progress through pregnancy. Pacin performance by prodigious progeny. Play with Pericles. While Plato ponders possible positions of panacea as poet profess passion to pillow-padded primadonnas. Li Po part of prescient poets who peddle pedantic to private plebeians. Provinces of princes practice programs of punishments, popular penalty empoisonment. Prosaic professors pose prophetic promises because point of critical mass pass plexus of pensiveness, pretty pretentious pits, please persist with politeness. Pages of pages of plagiarism privy produces perversion a plethora of prominent pathetic protrusions playin poker for pranks. Plenty professors pursue persons for perjury. Puberty provides pubic growth with pituitary without public commentary present. Pollution pushin people to power. Pollution pushin people to progress. Pollution pushin prophecies. Pollution pushin propaganda.

-Master P



We're feasting at the Regents' table...



Senator David Jackson knows how to keep 'em entertained.

Jess

In the sullent temperature
Of 20/20 hindsight
Immersed in gravity, I'm feigning
sleep
In the half light
The walls of my bedroom are too thin

Your breath is absent and formidable
I know it is difficult
But I am bullet ridden as Gus Farace
Don't you understand

You return
The light changes to accommodate
It will always be within your
Simple control

It counters your pitying
Waterfall expressions
And catapults through the vortex
You pass through me
Out your other side

Smooth as silk and fire
Speed of judgement
Just in time to
Squander my smile

Sometimes I have no luck
With such things

Anonymous



Photo by Morgan Brown

Proud state-wide participants of the annual Legislative Conference

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57-line movie review

By A. Riter
Whalesong Contributor

My Favorite Martian

When reviewing a contemporary movie, I am constantly on the alert for underlying meanings. As reflections of historical eras, movies contain a wealth of data for subjunctive interpretation. Movies tend to reflect social issues, cultural shadow areas, and current values.

With this in mind, My Favorite Martian wda a movie worth watching. Had I been able to view a copy of the original television episode, cultural shifts would have received more emphasis.

However, the basic idea of a man hiding a Martian in his home is inherent in both works.

The re-emergence of this idea in 1999 could be coincidence, or it could suggest the reoccurrence of a sense of alienation from one's neighbors. This sense of unbelongingness becomes covered with the facade of politeness and normalcy. The Martian is the alien, the repulsive, the frightening creature of the Shadow, who hides behind the shield of the Persona.

There are scenes in the 1999 movie which further support the Shadow/Per-

sona interplay. In one instance, the hero must confront a hideous underdesk world of multicolored globs of ABC gum. To find the True Gum will restore the Persona, and the Shadow cannot emerge.

The Martian's "talking suit" also supports this underlying concern with the Shadow and the Persona, with the suit suggesting the Persona, or the outer self. Eventually, the Martian and the suit must reunite if both are to survive.

Shifting from Jung to Freud, the 1999 version was heavily laden with material reflecting Freud's second stage of development. There was the wild, uninhibited flinging of ice cream the perverse Dr. E. Coli, the frantic escape down the sewer with Roto Rooter in hot pursuit, as well as the related symbolism of the cigarette coated with Martian slime.

Finally, there is the toilet scene, with our heroes peeing upward toward the descending buns of the Archie Bunker father figure, who lives to eat, read Field and Stream, and sit on the throne. A comparable image can be found in the last few minutes of Pink Floyd the Wall, in which the effects of cultural shaming are explored.

So, what does My Favorite Martian, 1999 version, say about today's culture? To be completely honest with you, I have no idea.

Pajama party

A Review of Crossings Productions' Ura Nihon

By Joe Parnell
Whalesong Reporter

Art came to Juneau in the form of a play/dance/musical/poetry reading at the Palace Theatre recently. Anni Stokes, writer/director, whose talent can't be contained by the conventional, used images and excerpts from the work of poet Rebecca Yates to convey impressions of childhood, death, playing, working, laughing, being scared, friendship, and scorn of adult stiffness.

The actors and actresses, adorned in white, pajama like clothes, became parts in this subliminal machine, calling out for recognition from the netherworld and/or most often, momma. But momma doesn't come.

How appropriate. Instead, a Japanese lady, in a great costume with white face, wandered, sauntered, inch by inch, trance like through the scenes; a five foot long and six foot wide heron flew over, marvelous music, some of it live of the flute and chime kind filled the air. Modern dance replaced dialogue. One doesn't understand this play, they

feel it. Scared, curious, innocent, creative; emotions sprinkled down in Ura Nihon and filled in the view as would a Juneau rain in a living room window.

But where did agriculture fit in? Corn, dirt, harvest, hard work, mother earth, they entered this conceptual piece as would a sales man come to your door. Is the theme, work will replace your childhood? Is maternal attachment preventive of an honest appraisal of career alternatives? Do we find solace in our work, serendipity, or just get old and tired? I don't know. I think this play was saying you aren't supposed to know, just go with it. It being the Japanese lady. But where was she taking us? To adulthood, to death? Backstage? East Asia?

No men in this play, just women and children, some with incredible talent to be so young, 'tis my survivalist instincts that made me notice (that there were no men). Or was I missing a subtle hint? The background was simple yet stylish, trees, urns, and Japanese window walls, a perfect setting for the forces that permeated this ethereal performance. Forces artful, not obvious, and delicate. I praise the risk takers, let them play.

If I love myself, I love you.
If I love you, I love myself.
Rumi

Give me a passion, I need to succeed.
A pleasure I can feed that doesn't revolve around greed.
A pleasure so divine, like the purest of love.
Just like the passion I feel from above.
Because of that tenderness, so generous, so kind.
I will not miss this bliss in the passion I find.

-Young Male Poet

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Attention: All anal people need to stop being so anal.

The *Whalesong* is looking for a student to put the paper onto our web-site in exchange for an easy "A" or skill-builder.

Happy Birthday, cosmically-linked brothers! You're the best.



Wanted- talented engineer willing to stamp plans for University's new climbing wall for cheap or nothing. See Lake Room at Maurant Building for ideas. Call Joe 586-5887 jsjlp@uas.alaska.edu

